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THE ENGLISH PRE-RAPHAELITES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

By EDOUARD ROD.



PORTRAIT OF D. G. ROSSETTI, BY HOLMAN HUNT.

THE Pre-Raphaelite movement, which started into life in England about 1850, there exercising such profound influence over art, poetry, and taste, is still little known in France. This is due to the fact that the works of this school are so scattered: several, such as "The Eve of Saint Bartholomew" and "The Keeper of the Tower" by Millais, "The Light of the World" and "The Shadow of Death" by Holman Hunt, produced a decided sensation when first exhibited; very few, however, have found their way into public galleries, and strangers desiring to see them are forced to seek them in private collections. The search is becoming daily more difficult as

the market value of Pre-Raphaelite paintings increases and as collections disperse. Little was known at first of the origin and development of this movement, the relation existing between the members of the school and the part assumed by each at its birth: a number of works, published during the last three years, offer much information, if not complete details, concerning these points. Among these works may be cited the "Recollections of D. G.

Rossetti" by Hall Caine, "Dante Gabriel Rossetti" by W. Sharp, an interesting preface written by William Michael Rossetti for an edition of his brother's works, and, above all, three articles by Holman Hunt, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in the year 1886, and which had the savor and charm of personal recollections. It is from these sources and from information furnished by Mr. William M. Rossetti that I shall endeavor to give a sketch of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The acquaintance of the three founders of English Pre-Raphaelitism, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais, dates from the beginning of their career. Millais, the youngest of the trio, was, however, the most advanced, being one of the most promising pupils of the Academy. Holman Hunt, on the contrary, thwarted in his vocation by a father who feared for his son the temptations besetting an artistic profession, then held in light esteem, succeeded only after two unsuccessful attempts in availing himself of professional instruction. Rossetti, the pupil of Madox Brown,—scarcely two or three years his senior,—had already written several poems, among others his "Blessed Damozel," which was destined to remain one of his favorite subjects:

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of water stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

These young friends were very dissimilar in temperament. "I may say of myself," said Holman Hunt, "that I was an indefatigable and even enthu-

siastic worker, pushed on by the force of a long succession of early difficulties and opposition encountered, and determined to find a straight road for my art. Rossetti, with his subtle and ardent mind, was essentially a proselyter, absurdly so at times, but animated by an ideal of beauty most intense in character, both in the domain of poetry and of art. Millais occupied the middle ground between us, showing the rare combination of extraordinary artistic capacity with true English common-sense." But, however unlike they were,—and time increased rather than diminished the dissimilarity,—they were united by community of ideas and aspirations.

None of the masters then in vogue entirely satisfied them: Etty, the most respected of the number, "painted classical subjects with the taste of a Parisian paper-hanger;" Mulready lacked boldness, and sacrificed everything to elegance; Maclise was too often led away by his taste for "vulgar dramatic effects;" the qualities of Leslie were spoiled by the style of a miniature-painter; William Dyce, "the most cultured painter of his day," was interrupted in his career, and resumed it only when it was too late for his genius to bear full fruit.

These are some of the opinions of Holman Hunt concerning those from whom he might have sought instruction. Rossetti, as stated before, studied with Madox Brown, who was almost a companion. They were thus forced, in a manner, to instruct themselves and open a new path in the field of art. Holman Hunt found himself in the right track by accident: one day, while copying the "Blind Fiddler," an old pupil of Wilkie's called his attention to



STUDY OF BLIND LOVE, BY BURNE-JONES.
(From the artist's drawing.)

the fact that this artist had abstained from dull coloring, finishing each bit after the manner of fresco-painting; his attention was thus indirectly drawn to the pure style of work of the greatest masters of mural decoration. "This was a revelation to me," said he, "and I began to attribute the clearness of their work to the discipline of sure strokes learned in fresco-painting, and I tried to abandon the loose style which I had formed, and which was then universal, in order to acquire a manner of painting which admits of no excuse for a false stroke. I was not entirely successful, but found that my taste for careful work and clean forms and shades increased, and the work of Francia, Garofalo, Van Eyck, and others assumed more value in my eyes as I progressed in the effort to perfect my style." The perusal of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" about this time convinced Holman Hunt of the necessity of absolute accuracy in detail, a method closely followed by the greatest masters, who never permitted their pencils to err on the side of uncertainty or obscurity. This eminent student of æstheticism had already, by exact definitions and striking illustrations, formulated an ideal which was as yet but vaguely apprehended by the young painter. "When Salvator," writes Ruskin, "puts into his foreground an object so undecided that I cannot determine whether it be of granite, slate, or soft stone, I affirm that he has achieved neither harmonious union nor simplicity of effect, but an absolute monstrosity." In contradistinction to this example of obscurity, he cites Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," in which we recognize among the flowers the common blue iris, the aquilegia, and

the capparispinosa; he also mentions Raphael's "Miraculous Fishing," in which the ground is strewn with a species of sea-kale or colza. This interpretation of the ideal in painting is not the only point in common between the artist and the æsthetic student.

While Holman Hunt was led by intelligent appreciation of the technical detail of his art to the study of Pre-Raphaelitism, Rossetti was similarly impelled, though in a different manner. His father, a Neapolitan exile, was both poet and critic, author also of several works on Dante and his epoch, the best known of which, Dante's "Beatrice" (published in 1852), presented under a new form the already ancient theory concerning the imaginary character of Beatrice and the celebrated women apostrophized by poets contemporary with the author of the "Vita Nuova." Dante Gabriel imbibed the atmosphere of a superb epoch, when the soul seemed more open to the reception of deep and rich impressions; he was trained to admiration of its mysterious poetry, whose hidden sense, imagery borrowed from visions rather than realities, transcendental prejudices and habits of expression, which completely efface all dividing-line between profane love and mystic adoration, are quite lost upon us. He so thoroughly assimilated the works of these poets that he was at last able to translate the most obscure passages of Dante, Guido Cavalcante, and Guido Guinicelli. Was it astonishing that he should pass from the poets to the painters of the soul, from the raptures of the "Vita Nuova" to those of Beato Angelico?

Standing mid-way between Holman Hunt and Rossetti, Millais, more highly

talented than either, though less philosophical and more mobile, animated also by the same ardor and noble ambition, was destined to share their en-

careless in dress, he neither attracted nor pleased at first glance. But his conversation, spiritual in the highest sense of the term, abounding in novel



STUDY OF YOUNG FELLAH GIRL, BY HOLMAN HUNT.

(From the artist's drawing.)

thusiasm. From the very beginning, Rossetti seems to have acquired a decided influence over his friends: austere and taciturn in appearance, his almost emaciated features illumined by a meditative regard,—“introspective,” in the words of one of his biographers,—

and profound views, supremely elegant and politely refined, instantly charmed all hearers.

United by their aspirations, the three friends worked together in the same studio, and together they appeared before the public in 1849: Millais and

Holman Hunt exhibiting at the Royal Academy, the former his "Isabella," the subject of which was taken from one of his favorite poets, Keats, and the latter his "Rienzi;" Rossetti, somewhat belated, exhibited his "Childhood of the Virgin" at the store of a dealer. These three works attracted attention immediately; but their common tendency aroused a wavering criticism, which soon changed into hostility.

They were soon joined by William Michael Rossetti, brother of Dante Gabriel, who at one time thought of studying art, but abandoned that vocation to devote himself to poetry and criticism. Up to this time their pact had been a silent one; now, however, they considered that the time had come to declare it boldly, and announce themselves as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, pledging themselves to sign their works with the letters P. R. B. in token of union.

"It was," writes Holman Hunt, "in a slightly paradoxical spirit that we agreed that Raphael, the prince of painters, inspired the art of the day; for we were aware of the difference between the practice of contemporary painters and the master invoked by them. Neither then nor later have we ever denied that there has been much that is sound and grand in art since Raphael's time; but it seemed to us that later art has been so often commingled with corrupt methods that for sound and absolute ones only the most ancient works were to be relied upon."

Constituted thus securely upon the basis of a return to the patient and exact methods of the fifteenth-century artists, and to the serious inspiration of

the fourteenth-century group, they recruited three new members, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, and the artists F. G. Stephens and James Collinson. Madox Brown refused to become a member, fearing that the association might resolve itself into a clique; but he sympathized with the noble and disinterested efforts of these seven young men, as well as with those of several artists not united with the Brotherhood, W. H. Deverell, Charles Collins, and Arthur Hughes among the number. The press and the public now began to ridicule the Brotherhood, and in 1850 an explosion of scornful mirth greeted their three new works: "Christian Missionaries in Brittany" by Holman Hunt, "A Carpenter's Shop" by Millais, and "The Annunciation" by Rossetti,—the only one of his works, if I am not mistaken, now in the National Gallery. William M. Rossetti attempted to defend his associates in a little review, *The Critic*; but his article passed unnoticed in the midst of the universal onslaught of the press. One journal absolutely demanded, contrary to all precedent, that the canvases of the P. R. B. should be removed before the close of the Exhibition out of respect for the public. The public shared this feeling: Holman Hunt relates that, overcome by the injustice of critics and bowed down with discouragement and perhaps with doubt, he often visited the Exhibition at an early hour, hoping that some one from among the early visitors, those who came for the paintings and not for the crowd, might pause before his "Missionaries" and express a favorable opinion. He was doomed, however, to disappointment, as the moment they saw the letters P. R. B.



STUDY OF A HEAD, BY BURNÉ-JONES.
(From the artist's drawing.)

they exclaimed, disdainfully, "Oh, that is one of those Pre-Raphaelites!" and turned away without looking. No one would admit that there was anything more than morbid desire for sudden success in the collective effort of these young men, whose talent was indisputable.

"One of my fellow-students, somewhat older than I," still farther relates Holman Hunt, "said one day that he regretted seeing me mixed up with such charlatanism; that he understood our aim perfectly, which was to attract attention by extravagance, and when we had attained notoriety (and we

would attain it, having sufficient talent for that) we would do really creditable work. I answered ironically that he had divined our purpose, and begged him to keep our secret."

It will be readily understood that, under such conditions, the sale of pictures was difficult; however, some advanced patrons of art, interesting themselves in the struggles of the young innovators, gave them orders, and on these they were forced to rely, in a great measure, for their wants; the courage with which they persevered in the path which they had marked out did not shield them altogether from grave anxieties.

Non-success failed to discourage them: more closely united by the attacks to which they were subjected, they decided to organize for resistance by publishing a paper, *The Germ*, which should explain their ideas and defend their cause. The third number of this little publication appeared under the title of *Art and Poetry*, and the fourth number ended its career. Notwithstanding its brief existence and the youthful character of its editors (the Rossetti brothers were then aged respectively twenty and twenty-one years), it had a certain significance: several articles inserted in its pages very clearly set forth æsthetic problems, which the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood undertook to solve. Among these articles was one by F. G. Stephens on the "Aim and Tendency of Primitive Art in Italy."

"Our aim in writing on art," said the young critic, "is to encourage and stimulate absolute adherence to natural simplicity; also, as an aid to direct attention to the works, comparatively few in number, which real art produces

in this spirit. It has been said that there is presumption, want of deference to established rules, and abandonment of old traditions in the movement of the new school. Our answer is that there is nothing more humble than the pretension to observe simple facts and the attempt to render them as they are." Beyond this absolute sincerity of observation and execution, F. G. Stephens insists upon qualities still further necessary to the artist desiring to enter upon the "new era:" he must be endowed with a large spirit of sacrifice, willing to work "in humility and in truth," firm in yielding nothing to the degradation of the reigning taste, and, above all, pure in heart and free from all intellectual sensuality.

I will hereafter speak more at length concerning this last qualification; but, should this stipulation excite comment, I will recall the fact that the Pre-Raphaelite movement was simultaneous with the religious revival at Oxford. The religious tendency already indicated in Mr. Stephens's article is still stronger in a "Dialogue on Art," by Mr. Orchard, published in the last number of *Art and Poetry*, in which four characters, Kalon, Sophon, Kosmon, and Christian,—the pure artist, the philosopher, the scholar, and the Christian, as their names indicate,—discuss art, each from his point of view. The author's convictions are evidently with the last, as he unites with him in exclaiming somewhat obscurely:

"What! Must an artist spend weeks, months, perhaps years, in reflection and study, framing and perfecting some magnificent conception having for sole aim the quickening of the pulse of man? Must he, like the Jesuit, study the soul, only to learn where to sap its

foundation? Like Satan, must he yield his angel of light to the demon of darkness, and use against God the power which God has given him, allowing Ashtaroth and Moloch to force millions of innocent lives into the embrace of sin? As to you, Kosmon, I judge the mind as I judge the soul: one is no more the light of thought than the other is the light of the body; both soul and mind are necessary to complete intelligence; knowledge of the intellectual world—of which the fine arts are vital parts—is as loudly demanded as it is required. I regard most of the artists of whom you speak rather as painters of natural history, dealing with the animal side of man. The Dutch, assuredly, but for their colors and subtlety of execution would not be tolerated by any man of taste."

Already, differences in temperament, which declared themselves so plainly later, began to appear in the intercourse of the Pre-Raphaelites. Millais, more positive than the others, does not seem to have taken much part in these art discussions, in which Mr. Orchard and other outsiders were prominent. The diverging tendencies, germs of which were springing up in the Brotherhood, and which we have seen at work in the "Dialogue on Art," were most fully developed in Holman Hunt and Rossetti. The former, serious and reflective, fond of looking at every side of a question, endeavored to supplement his early instruction by reading numerous historical and even scientific works. Rossetti interested himself in history only as it related to poetry, and disdained science. "What is it to me," said he, "if the earth turns round the sun or the sun round the earth!" whereas the studies of astronomy, ge-

ology, and even mathematics seemed "full of poetic suggestions" to his friend. Holman Hunt, a deeply religious English Protestant, unconsciously strove to combine artistic enthusiasm with other aspirations; Rossetti, almost Italian, Catholic (at least in spirit if not in faith), was the true poet, the true artist, I would say the Kalon of the "Dialogue," if throughout his double career as artist and poet he had not always shown such intense absorption in the inner life, a state incompatible with our conception of one worshipping form and beauty above all things.

The dismemberment of the Brotherhood was not due, however, to these causes, but to considerations of a different nature. The majority of the "Brethren" were obliged to think of the morrow, and the three mystic letters sufficed to enrage the public. They had held together during a period of two years, and could prolong the struggle no longer: they resigned themselves to the abandonment of their sign of union, and the Brotherhood was for the nonce dissolved. It was fated never to reappear.

The disappearance of *The Germ*, of the letters P. R. B., and of the Brotherhood did not instantly appease the wrath already aroused by them nor change the ill luck which had pursued the young artists. Holman Hunt, especially, strove against endless difficulties. "The Christian Missionaries" did not sell. A picture, which had been ordered, was rejected, and in the most unpleasant manner. An editor, who had engaged him to illustrate an edition of Longfellow, cancelled the order upon seeing the first three designs. The young artist was on the point of abandoning the career which

he had embraced with so much enthusiasm, and departing for Canada, "not," said he, "like one unfavored by fortune, but like so many other and more talented men, who have not found the world ready for their work." I prefer to leave to Mr. Hunt the recital of how Millais' generosity prevented his carrying this resolve into effect:

"Millais would not listen to my plan; he was certain of my future success, and told me that he had five hundred pounds, which were at my disposal. 'What will your parents think of me!' I replied; and when he reminded me that I was to call at his house the following morning, I left him with the injunction, 'Above all things, do not mention our conversation to any one;' but the servant had no sooner opened the door the following day than the good couple came to greet me, exclaiming eagerly, 'Is this Hunt? Come in. Jack has spoken of his intention, and has our entire approval.' I had promised myself not to yield, but refusal was impossible in the presence of such a manifestation of kindness."

The only support which the Pre-Raphaelites had received up to this time was an article by William Michael Rossetti, which the *Spectator* had consented to publish. Approval from an unexpected source revived their courage. In 1851, Holman Hunt had exhibited a scene from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and a critic on the staff of the *Times* accused him of errors in perspective and of bad drawing. Mr. John Ruskin undertook the defence of the artist in a warm letter, to which the aggressor either could not or dared not respond.

This is not the only time that Mr.

Ruskin has interfered in behalf of the Pre-Raphaelites, whose æsthetic theories seem closely allied to those evolved by him in his various books, and whose works sometimes seem to illustrate certain passages in "Modern Painters." Nevertheless,—and this is an error into which most French writers on the fine arts in England have fallen,—Mr. Ruskin must not be regarded as the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. The revival of the *Moyen-Âge* in England was a general movement; Mr. Ruskin's books and the paintings and poems of the Pre-Raphaelites being parallel and different manifestations of the same thing, which acted on the public taste in the same spirit, though not by the same means nor in the same manner.

This eminent critic's interposition did not immediately enlist public sympathy in favor of the Pre-Raphaelites, and Holman Hunt relates an anecdote which shows to what point they were still objects of mirth to the cockneys. He was sojourning in the neighborhood of Hastings, where he was collecting studies for marine views. One day, being prevented by the fog from working, he began to read, when he was disturbed by a visitor, who appeared with a large easel, and opened conversation with "What a beautiful morning!"—But let him tell his own tale; the episode is characteristic, the tone of the narrator also:

"I answered somewhat curtly that it was not to my taste. The visitor did not withdraw, but asked if I worked in oil or water-colors, to which I responded that I worked in oil, when the weather permitted. He talked so long that I began to feel that my reserve was becoming rude. He said that

several distinguished artists had recently made studies in the neighborhood; Clint had left last week. Did I know him? 'Yes; I knew him by

resume my reading. At last, to avoid appearing like a bear, I remarked that true artists seem to attach great importance to study from nature. 'Yes,'



STUDY OF THE DEAD BEATRICE, BY D. G. ROSSETTI.

(From the artist's drawing.)

reputation.' Tom Danby, also, had sketched here: 'Do you know him?' 'Yes; I have the pleasure of having one of his canvases in my small and choice collection.' His opinion of me seemed to increase upon hearing this, and he continued to ramble on about other artists, without being in the least discouraged by my evident desire to

he responded, 'with the exception of the Pre-Raphaelites.' I permitted myself the assertion that their principle, on the contrary, was to work only from nature. 'That was a farce! They endeavored to make the ignorant believe that they did; but in reality they never left their studios.' At these words I looked up from my

book, saying, 'I really do not know how that may be: how should I? Nevertheless, I have heard it stated so positively that, notwithstanding their faults and incapacity, they endeavor to arrive at the truth by drinking at the fountain, that your assertion astonishes me. May I ask if you speak from report or from your own knowledge?' and I added, 'I really thought that Millais and Hunt, as well as Collins, were in Surrey last summer, and that it was there that "The Huguenots," "Ophelia," and "The Hireling Shepherd," on exhibition this year at the Academy, were painted.' 'Not a word of truth in it!' he exclaimed. 'You have been deceived! I know them as well as I know myself!' 'Personally?' I asked, looking him full in the face. 'Yes. They are all charlatans. Don't you know how they paint their landscapes? I will tell you, for I have seen them at work. When they want to paint a tree, they get a leaf and a piece of bark, and copy these two objects until the tree is finished. They paint a field in the same way, repeating a single blade of grass until the whole space is covered; that is what they call nature.' 'By Jove!' I cried, 'I am astonished to learn that they are such barefaced impostors!' My caller then wished me good-morning, saying he was delighted to have had the opportunity of undeceiving me; and, moving off in the direction of a cottage on a hill, where he painted, he called back, 'I give you my word of honor!' I never saw him again; if I had, I would, doubtless, have improved."

While Holman Hunt was listening to this opinion of himself, Millais' "Huguenots," concerning which the

unknown had expressed himself so stupidly, had gained the battle, and at last won the approval of the press. But with the battle ended also the life which the Pre-Raphaelites led in common, and henceforth each was to develop in his own individual manner.

Millais, to whom is due the honor of having gained the first decisive victory over the public, was not slow in abandoning the principles professed among his friends. This evolution contributed, perhaps, toward securing to him the high place which he occupies to-day among English artists. Notwithstanding this departure, I confess that his latest works have caused me to regret his first, even his "Saint Agnes," condemned so strongly by M. Taine, and which awakens such a feeling of anguish and of mystery.

Holman Hunt inclined more and more toward the mystical in painting: the two subjects treated by him in the Exposition of 1854, "The Light of the World" and "The Awakening of Conscience," exemplify this prepossession in the most characteristic manner; the "Awakening" especially, which enjoyed the double honor of being placed on line and calling forth another letter from Ruskin. Hunt had no higher ambition than to illustrate the supreme drama of faith,—the life of Jesus; as his taste for minute research did not desert him in his effort to invest his art with moral significance, he resolved to go to Palestine. Upon his return, after an absence of two years, he found that he had not mistaken his vocation, and was famous. His work will be considered later.

The life of D. G. Rossetti presents rather more peculiar features. After

"The Annunciation" he ceased to exhibit his works, if we except three water-colors which he displayed in Liverpool in 1852. Among these was his first study for his "Dream of Dante," the largest of his paintings in oil. About that time, as well as one can judge from his biographers, he seems to have retired deliberately within a select circle, without desiring to force himself upon the public or ask their sanction of his works, which were appreciated by a small group of friends and bought by a few admirers. There seems to be no stranger case in the history of art than that of this young artist, noted before the age at which celebrity is usually attained, endowed with most exceptional faculties, and who during more than thirty years, unknown to the common herd, exercised a sort of occult supremacy over a large number of the intellectually gifted in his country. His career became as calm as his entrance upon it had been stormy, and his life passed in a seclusion which offered no challenge to prying critics. It was the realization of Petrarch's dream: glory after death almost assured, and life free from the burdens which it imposes; modest renown, that is to say among a chosen few, whose intellectual sympathy is keenly felt, the tender touch of whose delicate admiration is so dear, and far from the wearying noise of vulgar plaudits. A poignant grief, however, disturbed the tranquil tenor of this existence: two years after marriage Rossetti lost his adored wife, the gracious poetess, Elizabeth Siddal, whose love he celebrated in his beautiful collection, "The House of Life," suggestions of whom are to be found in several of his works, and whom he

describes in his fine poem, vague as a memory, "The Portrait":

"This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on;
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart:—
And yet the earth is over her."

Several of his finest works date from this period: "Beata Beatrix," "Sibylla Palmifera," "Monna Vanna," "Venus Verticordia," "Lady Lilith," and "The Beloved," these are the ripened fruit of the artist's brain and heart, brought into being without thought of fame or gain. Once more, however, he descended into the arena: in 1870, yielding to the solicitation of his friends, he decided to publish his poems. It seemed like the renewal of old battles: all the discussions provoked by the first pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites burst forth afresh, being this time transferred to the field of poetry. An article by Robert Buchanan, published in the *Contemporary Review*, under the pseudonym of Thomas Maillard, and afterward issued in pamphlet form, embodied a long polemic. The very title of the article, "The Fleshly School of Poetry," indicates its tendency. Rossetti was accused of immorality, and of having imitated Baudelaire and—the Marquis of Sade! "You are doubly culpable," said his censor, "in having a harmful influence and in exercising it second-hand. We would have had more patience with 'an unclean thing' (*sic*) if it had been in a certain sense a product of the soil." This article is all the more inexplicable as, even when we find some rather daring subjects in Rossetti's

poems, it is impossible to misconstrue their essentially spiritual character; but in all countries there are narrow and rigid critics, who, incapable of understanding flights of fancy, avenge their lack of intelligence by invoking their "principles." However this may be, Rossetti accepted the challenge, and answered the attack, which had deeply wounded him, by a letter, which appeared in the *Athenæum*; at the same time his friends William Morris and Swinburne entered the field with less moderation.

At the time of this discussion Rossetti was in a suffering state, his health undermined and his nervous system weakened by an immoderate use of chloral. "This attack," said W. M. Rossetti, "produced an effect upon him altogether disproportionate to its importance, and developed an excess of sensitiveness and hypochondria thus far unsuspected by his most intimate friends." Notwithstanding this, in 1881 he published a second volume, "Ballads and Sonnets," which was accepted without protest. His death, the following year, produced a deep impression in England, even in the world of professional art unfrequented by him.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, said in his annual "banquet speech:—"He was a strangely interesting man; one who, living in almost jealous retirement, at one time exercised a decided influence over the world of art and poetry. A mystic by temperament and inheritance, imbued with Italian literature of the mystic period, his works in both fields of art are full of fascination and strange fervor, which attracted to him the rarest degree of admiring devotion

from those who enjoyed his friendship."

The exhibition, several months after his death, did not disappoint expectation; nevertheless, the Royal Museum allowed the works to be scattered at auction. A large number are now in the counties; the only numerous collection being that of Rossetti's intimate and faithful friend, Mr. Leighland.

At the close of his memoirs, Holman Hunt says that, while working, he often thinks that he will still sign his pictures with the old letters, P. R., but no longer with the B., as he is now the only one left. The path opened by the Brotherhood is now followed and adorned by several younger artists, whose works are highly interesting, but whose part in the development of Pre-Raphaelitism is not comparable to that of Hunt and Rossetti.

In 1856, Rossetti made the acquaintance of three Oxford students: two of them, William Morris and Swinburne, were destined to become poets; the third was Burne-Jones. The latter was studying for the ministry, but Rossetti, to whom he had shown some of his sketches, could not resist the pleasure of proselyting, and determined him to change his plans for the future. The new convert was not spared the difficulties encountered by his predecessors; he was much ridiculed at first, and, like Rossetti, ceased to exhibit after his "Daphne" had not been accorded a good place, on account of the subject. It was in 1876, I think, that he reappeared in the Grosvenor Gallery with his "Seven Days of the Creation." Last year he made a triumphant reappearance at the Royal Academy.

Many artists, without being absolutely connected with the Pre-Raphaelite school, have been strongly influenced by it: among others Sir Noel Paton, Mr. Crane, and Mr. Richmond. A very casual visit to the London exhibitions, to the Royal Academy, and to the Grosvenor Gallery suffices to demonstrate the influence exercised by the Pre-Raphaelites upon English art.

Now that we have indicated the different phases of this movement, we will seek the general traits exhibited in the work which resulted from it. We will confine ourselves to the works of D. G. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Burne-Jones,—the most remarkable products of the school, and best illustrating its characteristics.

(Conclusion to follow.)



STUDY OF A GORGON, FOR A SHIELD, BY BURNE-JONES.

(From the artist's drawing.)